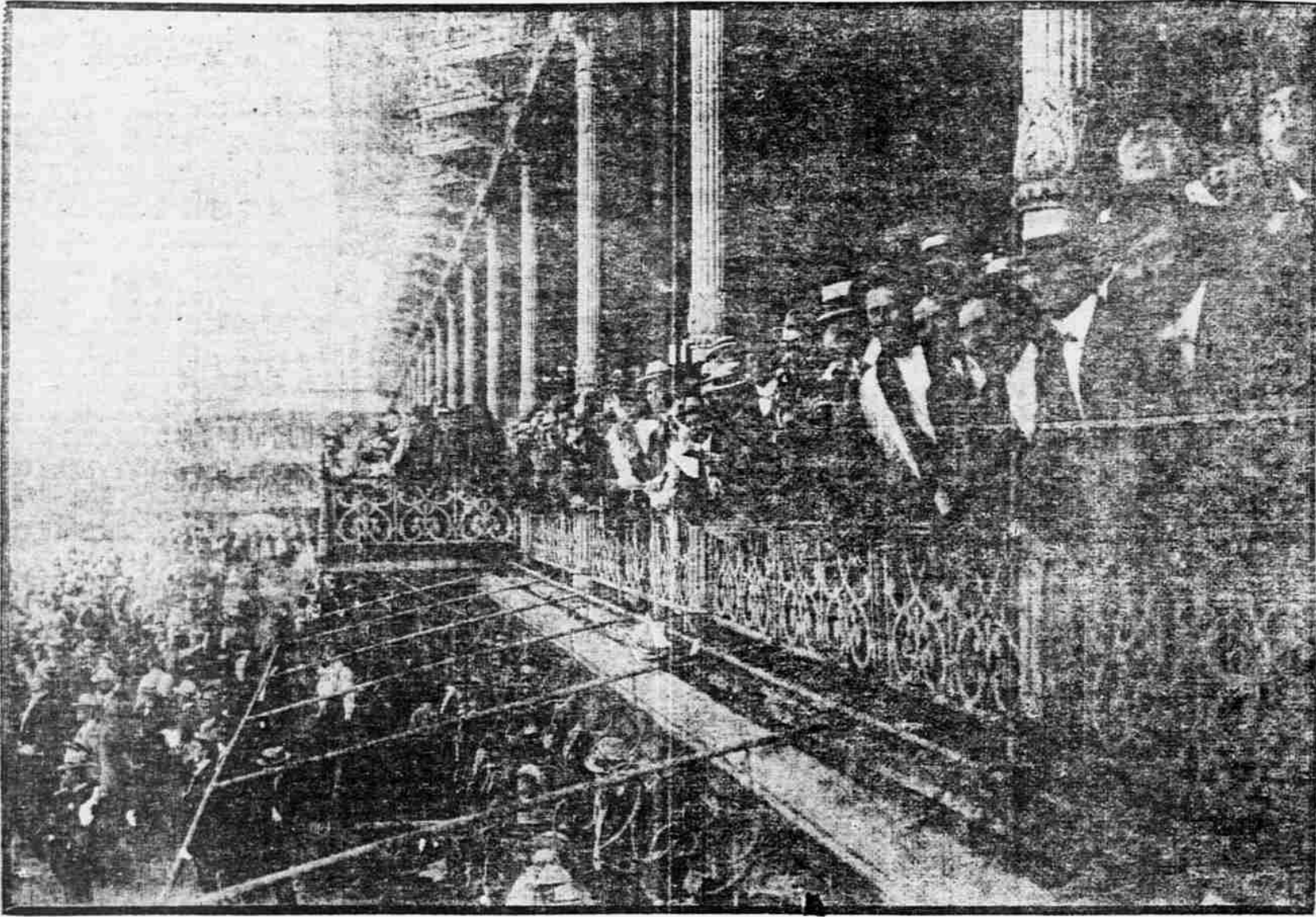


NINETY-FOURTH YEAR.

ST. LOUIS, MO., SUNDAY, JUNE 15, 1902.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

OTIS, A MISSOURI-BRED HORSE, WINS ST. LOUIS DERBY.



SCENE IN THE GRAND STAND WHILE THE DERBY CONTESTANTS WERE AT THE POST.

TWENTY THOUSAND PERSONS SEE
OTIS WIN THE \$15,000 RACE.

Sain Colt Canthers Home in the Classic Event at Fair Grounds and Crowd Cheers Victory of the Horse Bred at Woodlands, Near This City—Terra Firma, the Favorite, Makes Game Effort to Win, but Drops Back—Is Beaten by Little Scout for Second Place—Jockey Johnny Singleton, Rider of Victor, Tells How Schreiber's Gallant Bay Won.

With the swish of the starter's flag Sambo broke fast and in front under Dale's smart handling. Right with him went Glenwater. On his flank broke Terra Firma. Otis broke a good bit back, but like a cannon ball coming out of smoke the colors of Schreiber past the field and into the lead. The high rate of Otis's speed and the way he carried it caused the judges of pace to cry "Holy smoke, look at Otis. Singleton thinks it is a sprint."

As they swung into the stretch, George Covington, the man who trained Otis, stood at the quarter pole and frantically waved Singleton back. The boy took a hard hold of Otis and the field ran to him. Glenwater came up outside and Terra Firma stole up on the rail. They say that Terra Firma was thrown in the rail here and hurt, but it could not be seen across the field.

As they passed the stand Otis was galloping, his mouth wide open. On his flank hung Glenwater, high in condition and rank in form. In behind them, beautifully placed, was Terra Firma. He was held out of the hot pace, saving ground and in position to take advantage of any chance that might come up. Flora Pomona, off badly, came wide around the stretch turn and lay down the middle of the track even then. Coburn picked a good position for Little Scout and took him along nicely. Aladdin, a lumbering brute, was being interfered with at every stride. Sambo came now and for good. Leflore came along nicely on the rail. Coburn was away back and in the rack even now.

OTIS SPEED TAKES HIM AWAY FROM THEM.

Around the clubhouse turn they thundered, the first four in handsome position. The dust hid the leaders from the stand for a moment. When they swung around and out of it, Otis and Glenwater had opened up a lead of four lengths on Terra Firma, who

was swinging along, plainly not running at his ease.

The experts looking at Terra Firma, and knowing his proper speed, cried out: "It is too fast a pace. Why, they are crazy. Terra Firma will win." They thought Otis and Glenwater were going too fast.

Up the backstretch raced Otis. Singleton sitting high and gallantly, while the horse galloped away without effort or without a backward glance. He was in perfect command, his head and neck perfectly straight, his legs perfectly extended.

On to the three-eighths pole, which marks the beginning of all desperate Derby struggles. Glenwater weakened first. He was high in condition, sore of mouth, and had enough. Otis kept galloping, galloping, with never a sign of weariness, though every experienced eye was looking for the pace to make to tell its tale upon him.

NOW THE GREAT RACE BEGINS IN EARNEST.

Now the race begins. Dominick leans forward, takes a hard hold of Terra Firma's head and makes ready for his run. The royal son of Catherine of Navarre made reply. He got up a bit and tried and tried and gained a bit. But the flash of speed so strikingly shown a week before was not there. That one work on Tuesday had taken it away.

Dominick felt its absence in a flash. He

changed his mind about going around Glenwater, made it up that he would need all he had to win, and determined to lie on the rail and take the shortcut, relying upon the long run home and the gameness of his horse to wear Otis down and win for him.

Bitingly, blithely, carelessly Otis, testing, testing, testing. Tired was Terra Firma, weary Little Scout all day. Leflore, Aladdin shows speed running in stretch.

Now they have made the turn and are sweeping into the stretch. Here the giant Aladdin tore through the field, past Flora Pomona, past the weary Coburn, and went after the leaders. He had been a rough and rugged passage, and he made it like a grand horse. Had Coburn taken the mound on him instead of on Little Scout, he had his choice—Aladdin might have won.

Now out came the glorious gods, up go the arms and deep dip the spurs. They swung around the turn and crowded for the stretch entry. Here Glenwater was gone and Terra Firma came along, with Little Scout and Aladdin in grim pursuit.

Otis was still teetering and loping away in front, his ears pricked, his eye bright, he at his perfect ease.

Bang, whack and crack go the whips behind Otis and pushing comes the blood from the hand of the field and desperate spurs.

Down laid Terra Firma close to the ground, stretched out in one grand and desperate effort to win. Dominick rode him straight and relentlessly pulled whip and dug deep his spurs. The horse did all that flesh and blood could do. Inch by inch, foot by foot, he gained on Otis.

Back of him the impish Coburn was working like a demon on Little Scout, on the outside the great Aladdin was tearing home, running the strongest race of all. Leflore, a heavy stepdown rider, was on him. With a good, flat race rider like Coburn, with dark knees what wonder he has

JOCKEY SINGLETON TELLS HOW OTIS WON THE DERBY.

"When I threw my leg over Otis's back in the paddock after the bugle had called us to the post I felt a little uneasy. As I rode him out on the track I began to feel better. When we passed the grand stand and I saw that great sea of faces I knew that Terra Firma had the crowd's best wishes, and I decided in my own mind that the Missouri-bred horse should share in the glory of the race, if he did not win."

"I was more afraid of Terra Firma than any other horse in the race. I also decided to keep an eye on Aladdin. As the race was run I would have had to look back to do it. I took no chances on this, and as they did not get up to me, I did not see them after we started until the race was over."

"As we passed the grand stand and trotted around to the half-mile post, where we were to start, Otis and I became better acquainted than we had been. I patted his neck and talked encouragingly to him. He seemed to understand me. I felt more confident as we lined up for the start that we would win the race. I glanced at the other boys—Coburn, Woods, Dominick and Dale—all good riders, and felt that nothing but a hard fight would beat them."

"Otis was anxious to run. He quivered under me and, I believe, was more excited than I. It was the biggest stake I had ever been in, and to say that I was not excited would, of course, be false."

"I knew that Otis liked to run in front, so when Mr. Dade gave us the flag and sent us away I batted my horse a couple of times to get him well in front. He answered all right, and as we sped along I saw that he had both the speed and gameness. I took a thumb-wrap on him and let him go. For a time I almost had my feet back of his gills. He seemed to grow better every second."

"Behind me came the others. The patter of their feet on the track seemed unusually loud. Otis kept on. He was going easy as we passed the grand stand the first time. He was feeling good at the half and still running easy. At the three-quarters I was still pulling hard. We were at the starting point and I was yet ahead. I felt better with each bound. So did the horse."

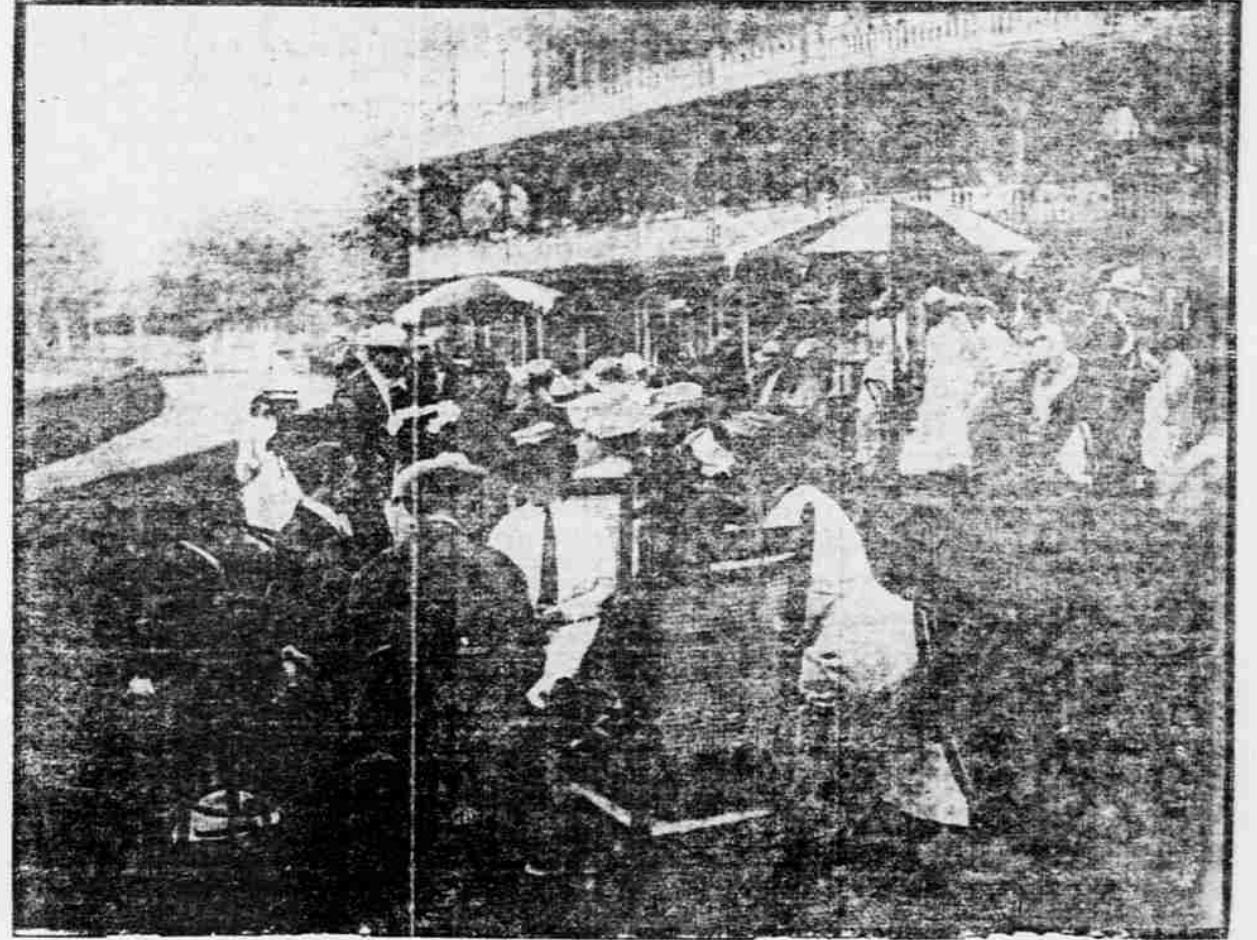
"But now comes the rub. Otis had not worked the full Derby distance at his best speed, and I was not sure how he was going to hold out. Seeing that he did not give up in the least, I let go the wrap on him and he widened the gap."

"I did not know who was behind me. I took no chances in looking around to see. I was there to ride Otis. I was ambitious to ride the Derby winner. As we turned into the stretch to make the run home I knew that we had good horses and good jockeys to beat. They were coming hard behind me."

"I spoke to Otis, laid over on his shoulders, and was preparing to let him go it alone. Half way down the stretch I became frightened. Although Otis has been in many races and has seen many persons on a race track, he became frightened at the crowd in the field. He seemed to understand me. I felt that he was not alone. Hats were flying and the people were shouting. The horse didn't like it. I hit him a couple of times with the whip to make him like it. He understood and came on, a winner."

"Was I proud of my achievement when they put the floral horseshoe on my neck? Well, I should say I was. It was the first I had ever worn. I feel that it will not be the last. I was only sorry that the spectators did not get to see it put around Otis's neck; that he did not have a chance to eat one of the flowers, as most of the wearers do. Then, too, I knew the ladies wanted to see it put on his shoulders."

"What do I think of his chances in the American Derby? Well, he pulled up a little lame to-day. I hope he will get over it quickly. If he does I like his chances in the American better than I did in the St. Louis. He is a great horse, well bred, and Barney Schreiber, his owner, is a clever gentleman. I hope to have the chance to ride him in the American. If I do I believe he and I can make it more than interesting for any other horse now entered for the stake."



THE GRAND WHITE LAWN JUST AFTER THE GREAT RACE.



AS THE WERE PASSING UNDER THE WIRE.

As they dashed into the crowd which lined the track from the eighth pole to the wire a strange incident occurred. It might have robbed Mr. Schreiber of his Derby. It lost Otis three lengths.

OTIS FINDS TIME TO SHY AT CROWD.

"The horse was going so cheerily and well that he had time to shy at the waving hats and cheering people with which the rail was lined and to stop running. Smartly Singleton was after him. A few neat whip taps, not sweeping and long, but just enough to remind him that he was at work, not play, sent the colt going again in his merry gallop to victory."

When Otis shied Terra Firma, who was too busy to be gay, pulled up alongside. There was as yet an eighth to go, and the gallant son of Bermuda was running a deadly game horse.

When the crowd saw him again it did not recognize the cause of it, and the cry went up again "Terra Firma wins." Terra Firma wins. All made ready to applaud the gallant favorite, who had run such an

uphill race. "My God," said Barney Schreiber, who stood high on a stool opposite his betting booth in the ring. "Otis is tired. The pace has killed him. Terra Firma wins."

"Never, never, avick," shrieked his friend, old John Doyle, who first put him on the turf. "They have not caught him yet. He goes." As Otis went on again, "they never will catch him. He wins, he wins."

So it was. He won, he won. Bang, swish and crack went the whips behind him, and desperately rode the boys on Terra Firma, Little Scout and Aladdin.

These colts were doing their best and Otis still kept on his gallop as merrily as Tennessee's Mary singing her "Queen of the May."

For I'm to be first at the wire, lad. I'm to be winner to-day. This is only a gallop for Otis, lad. That's why I'm feeling so gay.

OTIS WINS EASILY BY A LENGTH.

His ears up, his eye quizzically search-

ing the crowd, quite at his ease, Otis won the Derby by a length. In the last few strides Leflore's heart weakened and seeing he could be first he let up in his merciless drive and Little Scout, under Coburn's desperate flank, set up and tumbled Terra Firma out of the place. Aladdin, closing like a thunderbolt, was fourth, a neck away. Then in straggled the rest of the field, worn and beaten out.

Down the stretch tumbled the gigantic form of Barney Schreiber, the breeder of Otis, owner of Woodlands, crying, "Hurray for Missouri. They cannot always beat the Dutch." Many persons recognized the owner of the winner, the popular Master of Woodlands. Some made him way, others cheered, others shook his hand and patted his back. For its month Mr. Schreiber has been laid up with a sprained ankle. Prior to yesterday he could scarcely limp. There was no sign of sprain or injury. Now he carried his 200 pounds almost as smartly as Otis ran.

Out through the gate he tumbled onto

Continued on Page Two.



DERBY DAY.



OTIS, THE WINNER OF THE ST. LOUIS DERBY, AND JOCKEY SINGLETON, HIS RIDER, JUST AFTER THE FINISH.

Jockey Johnny Singleton, who rode Otis to victory in the Derby, was born in Kentucky. When he was a small lad his parents moved to Coffeyville, Kas. There his mother is now the proprietress of a hotel. Singleton is about 30 years old and can ride at 100 pounds. In the Derby yesterday Otis's weight was 110 pounds.

From boyhood Singleton has been around race horses. He began riding in Kansas at the fairs, and was successful. He rode for many seasons from Southern Illinois came to St. Louis yesterday to see him ride in the Derby. Few expected him to win, for nearly all believed Terra Firma would carry off the prize. Those who saw Singleton before the race could get no advice from him to bet on the horse. All he would say is: "I'm going to try to win."

Singleton rode at the country fairs at Shawneetown, McLeansboro, and other county seats in Southern Illinois. Among those who came up from McLeansboro to see Singleton ride were Judge Sam Wright and Con Wright. Singleton rode a horse called Dunbar for them in the brush several years ago.

Said Judge Wright of Singleton: "We thought he was a good rider. In his rides for us he displayed great cleverness in getting his horse away from the post quickly. He used to tell us that he was going to

ride in the big races some day. He was ambitious to win a race like the Derby. He is a gentlemanly little fellow, not addicted to many of the bad habits common among jockeys. I feel that his career is just begun. We have been watching him closely since he came to St. Louis to ride. We'll watch him closely now. If Otis is not scratched from the American Derby, and Singleton rides him, we will be there to see him win it."

After he had donned his street attire yesterday and joined his friends, Singleton did not seem to be the least "swell headed" because of his victory. "The trouble has been with me," he remarked to Con Wright, "that I never was willing to take a chance when I felt that I had no chance. Lately I have shaken off this feeling and have determined that I will take a chance with the best of them. It's the only way to win, and I'm now out to win. My mother has attempted to induce me to quit riding. She is afraid that I will get killed. She is always glad to hear that I won. However, and I must go and send her a telegram telling her of this, my greatest achievement so far on the turf."

Singleton hastened to the telegraph office in the grand stand basement and penciled these words:

"Dear Mother: Otis won the Derby. I sent you some of the flowers from the horseshoe. I rode him. Your boy, 'JOHNNT.'"